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BETHEL VILLAGE CORPORATION

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1 blast, repeated at one minute intervals, Bell, Main and Portland Streets.

2 blasts, repeated at one minute intervals, Main and Portland Streets.

3 blasts, repeated at one minute intervals, Main and Portland Streets.

4 blasts, repeated at one minute intervals, Main and Portland Streets.

5 blasts, repeated at one minute intervals, Main and Portland Streets.

6 blasts, repeated at one minute intervals, Main and Portland Streets.

IN CASE OF FIRE—Call the telephone office, tell the operator where the fire is, and she will send the alarm immediately.

TIME TABLE

Effective Oct. 7, 1930
East Bethel

	Ex-Sun.	Daily
Bethel, P. M.	5:15	5:05
Bethel, A. M.	4:45	4:35
West Bethel (Allen)	7:45	7:35
BETHEL	7:55	7:45
Locke Mills	7:55	7:45
Bryant Pond	8:05	7:55
West Paris (Hate)	8:15	8:05
South Paris	8:25	8:15
Lewiston (arrive)	11:15	11:05
Portland	11:25	11:15

WEST BOUND

	Daily	Ex-Sun.
Portland	8:00	7:45
Lewiston (leave)	8:25	8:10
South Paris (leave)	8:40	8:25
West Paris (Hate)	8:55	8:40
Bryant Pond	9:10	8:55
Locke Mills	9:25	9:10
BETHEL	10:25	10:10
West Bethel (Allen)	10:35	10:20
Orland	10:45	10:30
Bethel, N. H.	11:30	11:15
Island Pond, Vt.	1:20	1:05



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MOST folks, when they decide to have a piece of printing done want it at once. We are well equipped to give prompt service on your work. Furthermore, it will not look like a hurry up job, since our ability to handle rush work enables us to give it the same careful attention that is given less hurried work.

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THE CITIZEN-PRINTERS

We can help you solve your printing problems

WHEN THE FOG GREW DENSE

(By D. J. Walsh.)

IT WAS a queer situation. Like a story, Leone thought, as she gazed out to sea. She couldn't be alarmed, not yet, anyway; it was all so beautiful, so picture-like. A lone seagull hovered above the calm blue water, in search of food. Now it soared aloft and floated on perfectly balanced wings; then, suddenly, executed a graceful dip and emerged wet but triumphant.

Somewhere in the distance a fog-horn rounded a low, rather dismal warning—the first melancholy note in the erstwhile perfect harmony of sea and sky.

The sea began to take on a grayish tint; a few minutes before it had been a vivid blue and now it was gray and so calm that it resembled oil. Occasionally Leone could hear the putter of a boat somewhere in the distance, but none came in sight. She was apparently as much alone as a certain Robinson Crusoe.

The fog was growing dense. She began to feel alarmed and yet it seemed to her that she was actually marooned on this small island, scarcely three miles from the mainland. She stared at her watch. Only three hours before she had been sitting on the hotel veranda, a trifle bored with the monotony of her peaceful surroundings.

Her plight was ridiculously simple. A few days before she had come to Fairhaven to rest after an arduous concert season. She had been attracted to the place by the enthusiastic reports of friends, and perfectly by the promise of quiet. Purposely she had come early, before the summer season began and the place became thronged with visitors.

She had wanted to hire a boat and visit the nearby islands, but because the season had not yet started she had been unable to secure a boat. As she was about to leave the wharf in despair a boy of ten or thereabouts had gallantly offered her his rowboat. Leone had not rowed for years, and she had only meant to make the harbor, but when she reached the point she realized the most picturesque little island imaginable. What a first to row out to it all by herself! Her first two days at Fairhaven had proved disappointing. An inner-trouble wall had shut her prisoner upon the hotel veranda—a few walls, the natives called it—and how Leone hated her. Years before she had seen a memorable week in the fog. It was then that she had met the one man, and he had called it "a gray curtain shutting out the world."

The fog was closing in upon her now, and the situation was fast becoming hopeless. Nobody knew where she had gone and she was apparently so far from the channel that no boat would be likely to pass within halting distance. Only a miracle could prevent her spending the night alone on the island.

When she had first reached the island, after a long pull at the oars, she had tried to tie the boat, but finding the rope too short to reach the larger rocks, she had pulled it part way up the beach and left it to explore the island, thinking it was quite secure.

The island had proved to be a place of delightful surprises. Deep caves in the rocks, which appeared to Leone's romantic nature; narrow trails to follow and birds and flowers of wild variety. There were two old wells, almost hidden from view by vines, that once had been in constant use, no doubt. Who had built them, she wondered. A deserted hut, fast falling into decay, and a fish weir not far from shore made her guess accurately enough that the place had once been the habitat of fisherfolk.

At the extreme southern end of the island she had made a surprising discovery. Sheltered by trees in back and looking straight out to sea stood a modern bungalow. Though reluctant to leave the cottage unexplored, the lateness of the hour made her turn back at this point in her wandering. She had retraced her steps hurriedly to the cave where she had beached the boat, only to find the place deserted. A quarter of a mile away a small white object floated upon the water. Her boat, of course. She had quite forgotten the tide when she had moored her craft so carelessly.

It was growing dark and with the coming of darkness all hope of rescue would be gone.

She tried to remember stories she had read of castaways. They always built fires or erected signals. But, supposing she could do this, who could see her signals in such a fog?

When it was quite dark Leone left the beach and set out for the cottage at the other end of the island. She might be able to force a window. Any way, that offered the best promise of shelter for the night.

terfied her and she tripped over a fallen tree and fell heavily. Her hand touched something cold and clammy and she shuddered in the darkness. It was a man's pipe!

She tried to rise, but her ankle pained her terribly, and to her dismay she found that she was unable to stand. She crawled along blindly, gropingly, on her hands. After what seemed an eternity she reached the clearing and the rear of the cottage. She was completely exhausted now; it almost impossible to crawl up the stairs. Finally she did so, only to fall forward on the broad porch at the very feet of a man.

When she regained consciousness she was lying on an old-fashioned sofa before an open fire. A ring of smoke sailed over her head and she realized that her host was near, but she was too utterly weary to turn her head.

"You'll have to spend the night here, I fear," a man's voice informed her, and she detected a note of exultation in the low tones of his voice.

"I wished to be alone, and I gave orders to my chauffeur, who is staying on the mainland, not to disturb me for a week, at least," he went on to explain.

It was wilfulness posing as indifference that made Leone keep her eyes on the fire now.

"Yes, you'll have to spend the night under my roof, Leone, and your perfectly good divorce that would have become final next month, will be smashed to a thousand bits."

Leone was herself again, smiling in spite of the fog, and enjoying the novel situation to the depths of her romantic nature. Still she lay motionless. The man suddenly bent over the back of the sofa and spoke once more.

"Do you know, dear, I have always wished that I might have you for just one week, alone, upon a desert isle. The only hint of incompatibility between us was the endless crowd nothing round about us. Just one week I asked of Fate, and here it is, dropped in the hollow of my hand."

Leone closed her eyes. She felt like one who had come a long way; like a vessel, storm tossed, that has found a safe and familiar harbor at last. Her hand fluttered along the back of the sofa until it rested in that of her husband.

Off to the darkness the foghorn sounded, and from the low melancholy note of warning there arose a different note, like the promise of rescue at hand.

Man Today Has No Cause to Envy Grand Monarch
Louis XIV, at the height of his power, did not possess the hundredth part of the control over nature and the means of diverting himself, of cultivating his mind, or providing it with suitable medicine (circumstances have in their disposal).

I do not count in it, it is true, the delight of commanding, of overpowering, of intimidating, of dazzling, of striking or of absorbing, which is a divine and theatrical delight—but time, distance, speed, liberty, images of the whole earth—

A man of today, young, healthy, fairly well-to-do, lives where he will, swiftly crosses the world, sleeping every night in a palace. He can experience life in a hundred forms; enjoy a little love, a little certainty almost everywhere. If he has some intelligence (it need not be a very profound intelligence) he picks the best of what is, he transforms himself each moment into a happy man.

The greatest monarch is less enviable. Physically the great king was a good deal less fortunate than he—when it is a question of heat or of cold, of the skin or of the muscles. For if the king was ill, he was very indifferently relieved. He had to write and groan on his feather bed, under the plumed canopy, without the hope of sudden repose or of that unconscious absence that chemistry accords the least of afflicted moderns.

Thus, for leisure, against pain, against boredom and for the maintenance of interests of every kind, a multitude of men are better endowed than was the most powerful man in Europe 250 years ago.—Paul Cailly in the Yale Review.

All in One
H. Kenneth Johnson, who recently won the Prix de Rome, was talking about novels at a Century club luncheon.

"At one time," he said, "all novels were historical—Vernon of Haddon Hall and so forth. At another time they were all socialistic—'Number 5 John Street' and 'Looking Backward'—and today—well, to-day's novels remind me of a story."

NORTH WOODSTOCK

Mr. and Mrs. John Hennigway have a new Plymouth sedan.

Mrs. Ed Thompson has returned from New Hampshire, accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. Daisy Wilson, of Buffalo, N. Y.

Maxine Fuller has gone to Dixfield for a few days.

Mrs. Cullen Abbott is staying with her grandchildren, Harland and Herschel Abbott, while their mother is away on a visit.

Mrs. Frank Coffren has finished work at Birch Villa. Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Wicks have started for California where they will spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Phoebe Brown and family spent Sunday at Meehanie Falls with Mrs. Brown's sister, Mrs. Joe Jordan and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Rodney Grover and Mr. and Mrs. John Grover and grandson, all of Dixfield, called at Hermann Fuller's Sunday.

James Knight of Strong is visiting in town.

George Chishman has begun to repair the farmers' telephone line for which money was raised recently.

Ervin Barrett expects to go away to work soon.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Coffren have moved into Ed Thompson's rent.

Mr. and Mrs. Linale Verrill have moved into the Estes house in Bethel. Lloyd Fuller and Eugene Ordway went to Dixfield and West Peru Sunday.

Howe Hill, Locke Mills

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Swan were in Lewiston, Wednesday.

Constance Strout, who has been visiting at Loren Roberts', has returned to her home in Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. Everett Mitchell of Bethel called at Albert Swan's recently.

Mr. Mudgett of the Central Maine Power Co., Lewiston, was in this vicinity recently.

Albany—Waterford

Otis Cobb and Leon Kimball have been drawn as grand and traverse jurors from the town of Albany to attend the Superior Court on Nov. 4th.

Mr. and Mrs. Hollis McAllister of Fryeburg attended the World's Fair and spent the week end at D. L. McAllister's. They left Sunday night for a visit with relatives at Harrison.

Two boys from Paris High School spent the week end with Donald Brown.

Mrs. M. N. Savin had an ill turn Tuesday and was attended by Dr. Hubbard. Her daughter, Mrs. Grace Millett, spent a few days with her.

Elmer Dingley of Harrison was in this place recently on business.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Canwell have been entertaining his sister from Melrose Falls the past week.

Henry Sanderson bought two cows and a calf of Ernest Brown Thursday.

Arline Henley and friend of Norway recently visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Henley.

Several Berlin parties have been in this vicinity the past week after apples.

BRYANT POND

The women's division of the Farm Bureau held their regular meeting Oct. 2, and four end tables were made. Dinner was served to the New-Away 4-H Club. Mrs. Sadie Lakeway, leader.

The menu was as follows: mashed potatoes, meat loaf, sliced tomatoes, white and dark bread, fruit Jello, cocoa and coffee. A special meeting was arranged for Oct. 10 on reconditioning the ward-robe.

Jefferson Chapter No. 89, O. E. S. held its regular meeting Friday night, Oct. 3, with a good attendance. A very pleasant reception was given the district deputy, Mrs. Ida Farnum, which was a surprise to her. They presented her with a gift and a bouquet of flowers. Refreshments of ice cream, cake and saltines were served.

Members of the P. T. A. held their regular meeting at the high school building Thursday evening, Oct. 2. They voted to have their meetings the first Thursday evening of every month. The following program was carried out: Song, with encore, Lucile King, Hope King, Harriet Swift.

Plans solo, with encore, Mrs. Abram Mann Solo, with encore.

Mrs. Gertrude Redman's Franking group held its regular meeting Saturday evening, with a good attendance. After the business meeting, the following program was given: Reading, Mrs. Martha Dudley's Song.

Reading, Mrs. Fred Taylor's Song. Mrs. Fred Taylor's Song. Mrs. Fred Taylor's Song.

Games were played until a late hour. Miss Lena Felt of Auburn was having a vacation from her work in the Maine Central depot. She is taking a trip to Florida and Havana, Cuba.

Quite a delegation from Franklin Grange attended Pomona Grange at North Waterford Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Cushman and Edith Abbott were in Lewiston one day last week.

Mrs. Robert Johnson and son "Hobbie" from Keese, N. H., were here two days last week.

MASON

There was no school here Tuesday as the teacher, Miss Alta Brooks, attended the County Convention at Bethel.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Freeman are here from Massachusetts spending a few days at Lawrence Grover's camp. Myron Morrill is ill with a sore throat.

Several from here attended the Fair at North Waterford Saturday.

Sunday callers at Myron Morrill's were Mr. and Mrs. B. S. Tyler and family of East Bethel and Mr. and Mrs. Carl Swan and family of Locke Mills.

Emerson Clough of Bethel is staying with his sister, Mrs. Guy Morrill.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Merrill, Stanton Lamb and Mildred Haines of South Waterford were recent callers in town.

NEWRY CORNER

Mr. and Mrs. Arnold and family of Woodfords were in town to attend the Newry Fair.

Miss Hazel Smith is stopping with her mother at present.

Carl Godwin, daughter Gwendolin, and Grace Hulbert attended the World's Fair at North Waterford, Saturday.

Among those from away who came to attend the funeral service of J. S. Hastings were Mrs. Nellie Small Jordan of Portland, Warren Small of Randolph, Chester Small of Rochester, N. H., Mrs. Mabel Godwin of Rumford, and Mrs. Harry Gilman of Southville, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. George Learned are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter, Sept. 28th.

Mr. and Mrs. Otis Brooks are soon to close their home here and will spend the winter with their son.

Miss Ruby Thurston spent Sunday afternoon with Mrs. Hastings.

Elwood Richardson and Bert Harlow are helping Summer Davis pick apples. George Learned is working on the State road in Gilead.

Will Walker is doing some carpentry work for M. E. Arseneault.

SOUTH BETHEL

Edward Newell motored to Summit Springs Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Linwood Newell and daughter Margaret visited Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Cole Sunday.

A. B. Noyes and Etta Andrews visited Agnes Walker Sunday.

Mrs. Frank Morrill and little daughter and Miss Madeline Mason of Auburn visited Agnes Walker Sunday.

Mrs. Linwood Newell and daughter Margaret called on her sister, Mrs. Merle Lurvey, Monday afternoon.

Margaret and Bernice Tibbets were callers in town Sunday evening.

Howard Rockwell from Topsham called at Agnes Walker's Wednesday evening.

O. K. CLIFFORD CO., Inc.

Park Street
So. Paris, - - Maine

Sales and Service Station
DODGE BROTHERS
CARS and TRUCKS

ELECTROL
What Does It Mean?

The oil heating system that has economy of operation and service behind it.

H. Alton Bacon
Bryants Pond, Maine

For Particulars and Price
ALSO FOWLER RANGE BURNERS

hear the Golden Voice!



ATWATER
KENT
RADIO

\$119
(WITHOUT TUBES)

The new 1931 Atwater Kent Low-boy, Model 70. Finished in American walnut. Matched butt walnut front panel and apron.

WE PICKED the new Atwater Kent out of a crowd because it has everything a radio should have in this modern age. Our customers are picking it for the same reason.

Come in and hear the clearest, richest tone—the Golden Voice. See how the Quick-Vision Dial pulls in the stations. Make the most of every program with the Atwater Kent Tone Control...Choose from four beautiful models. Pay as you enjoy. Satisfaction guaranteed. Demonstration NOW!

Edw. P. Lyon
Bethel, Maine

AVOL
CABE

Thousands of prescriptions for this A-Vol stops pain in headaches, neuralgia, dental pain, rheumatism, drugists last year, over 20,000. A-Vol now comes in handy tubes of 12 tablets, 24c. 30 tablets 50c, each. Recommend and endorse A-Vol as a safe, reliable, rapid relief for prescription drugists or on receipt of pain, depression, fever, cold, flu, etc. price from A-Vol Co., Holton, Kan.

Contains No Aspirin or Other Heart Depressants.
Headaches! Colds! Neuralgia! Dental Pain!

The SONG of the WINDMILL

A. J. DONLAP

The sun-blistered windmill,
languid over the tank,
Where green mosses grow and
the thirsty head drinks,
It caught in the wheel that spun
and on its lower
The might of the swift winds
and harnessed their power.
At night when the old mill had
pumped all day long,
It sang in the moonlight and
starlight this song:

"I'm always in tune with the
swift winds that blow,
To harness their power for the
old world below.
The power that catches in the
wind is not mine;
And back of the wind is the
mighty Divine."

When all of the world is in
tune with the power,
That whispers and sings to me
here in my tower,
Then cannons will moulder and
crumble to dust,
And swords will decay in their
scabbards with rust,
And over the old cottages,
hovel and throne,
A peace will abide, the old
world has not known."



THE OLD FARM STORE

Big Ben's Message Now

Heard in Many Lands

London's most famous clock, Big Ben, which ticks off the hours in the tower above the house of commons, and whose bells have been heard in remote parts of the globe through the instrumentality of the microphone, gives "wise counsel" to at least one well-known Briton, Sir Duncan Grey, traveler and writer.

As Sir Duncan puts it, "Bells by some trickery or other cheating senses says to us what we are actually saying to ourselves."

During the World-war Big Ben was silenced and was never illuminated, for it was feared that through sound and light it would give accurate direction to the German air raiders.

On still and clear nights it is often possible to hear the resounding thud of the hammers on its bells a distance of eight miles or more.

For most night owls the message its bells convey at 12 midnight is the fear that the last street car or omnibus has departed and that a costly journey in a taxicab will be one at least of the disadvantages of such belated peregrination homeward.—New York Sun.

Followed Indian Trails

Over the Appalachians

A century after the first settlements were established it was evident that the future of the country depended upon overcoming the barrier of the Appalachian mountains and the great forests which clothed them. New pioneers pushed inland along the rivers and later struck into the light forests from the head of navigation. They followed the Indian trails which they found and these trails came into general use. Thus emaciated the path which Washington followed on his mission to the French (1754) was the forerunner of Braddock's trail (1755) and the national road. The Kittanning path up the Allegheny furnished a route for Forbes' trail (1758). The Indian's path from the Shenandoah valley through the Cumberland gap to the falls of the Ohio became Boone's wilderness road (1760) over which Kentucky was settled, and the Irons trail from Albany to Lake Erie developed into the Great Genesee road.

Determining World Time

Standard time seems to have been suggested by Charles Dowd of Stratford Springs in 1870. In 1878 the motion was again raised by Sanford Fleming, chief engineer of the Canadian Pacific railway. It was brought to the attention of the leading governments of the world, and an international conference was called in 1884. The delegates of 25 countries were present, but did not unanimously agree. However, most of them favored the adoption of Greenwich, England, as the origin of longitude. The French were the only representatives of importance that would not agree, and it was not until March 1, 1911, that France abandoned the old Paris time and adopted that of Greenwich as its prime meridian.

Oklahoma Windiest State?

The weather bureau says that the station as to which is the windiest in the Union has never been accurately determined and it is probably possible to make a positive statement. However, it is quite probable that Oklahoma as a whole is the windiest state in the Union. This is due to the fact that the winds are here constant at moderately high velocities during the entire year in many other sections the winds may at times average higher in Oklahoma, nevertheless, they are not so constant, or cover so completely the entire state.

When the humidity is high nobody needs to tell you about it.

Last year it was pellagra. This year's epidemic is sitting in trees.

A man isn't licked just because he has lost his shirt. Look at Gandhi.

Bedtime brings to every mother of a small boy or girl the daily grimace.

A friendly tip to the candidates: Make sure that the parachutes are working well.

A man whose driver's license has been revoked is still permitted to pilot a rocking chair.

Maybe there's no such thing as perpetual motion, but how do you explain that war in China?

What ever became of the old fashioned prophet who invited you to pass it in your hut?

The police will find when they come to inspect some cars that the brakes screech for themselves.

Some people think they have a well-trained conscience when they get it trained not to interrupt.

Americans are quick to adopt stunts. There soon may be a widespread effort to live 150 years.

Aviators attempting flights around the world should be numbered, so we will not confuse one with the others.

An airplane with enough rubber in it so that it would bounce when it fell instead of smashing might help some.

Grand Rapids doctors got a tough break when the International Apple association elected to meet in that city.

A man may have the most beautiful wife in the world, but when her name goes on a deed the law only calls her ex.

Word comes from abroad that the former Kaiser doesn't chop wood, as had been so often reported. Or cut much less.

It is hoped that Mars and the others are duly humiliated by advice that a New Orleans high school girl is "Miss Universe."

This is a great age of convenience when one gets his food from cans, sermons by radio, and babies from foundling asylums.

Even on the rare occasions when the postoffice pen is in first class working order, the ink looks like a pavement-patching compound.

The old-fashioned man who made an endurance record as a pole sitter now has a son who is making an endurance record as a tree sitter.

The Turks are now threatening the Persians, and the rest of the world is withholding judgment until it learns who holds the leases on the oil land.

It is figured by a Chicago observer that a girl will have to wear the new long skirts a year before getting over the feeling that she is in a costume play.

Of course money went farther in the old time, and licking the ice cream from the dasher was considered very good pay for cranking it for three hours.

"The scientific way of measuring noise is in units called decibels." With a cornet, they say, you can blow a derby hat full of these in a very few minutes.

ONE IN 500 BURIED ALIVE IN EUROPE

Doctors Start Movement to Halt "Errors"

Paris.—With official announcement that an average of one person in every 500 buried is interred alive in Europe, a group of 150 deputies, nearly all of them physicians or surgeons, have submitted a petition of law to the government requiring a verification of deaths by a medical-scientific proof before a permit for interment is delivered.

The parliamentary group requests the cabinet to consult the Academy of Medicine and the Academy of Sciences to aid in adopting the surest means to ascertain that a person is dead.

Minor Attitude Blamed.

Doctor Dervieux of the medical-legal institute, in an interview asserted that statistics reveal that two per thousand are buried alive in most advanced continental countries and that in certain others—Balkan states, for example, the percentage probably runs much higher. The figure includes newly-born infants.

Most such cases occur in the provinces and are due to the misanthropic attitude of peasants who refuse to call a doctor to pronounce a patient dead. When a patient expires, or seems to his relatives or friends rush to the doctor who has been attending him—or her—and tell him there is no necessity for making another call, that the patient has expired.

"The best method of insuring that death has arrived," said Doctor Dervieux, "and the process which will be adopted doubtless, is an injection of flouridescine. A small dose of this is not deadly and will not hurt a patient who is not dead. If it is injected into a corpse it spreads over the whole body which takes on a greenish hue."

Doctor Dervieux asserted that burning the soles of the feet had been suggested as a test. "But a person could be burned so gravely that he would die from the effects," objected the doctor.

Might Open Arteries.

"Opening the arteries has also been suggested. Blood will not flow from a corpse."

"Stabbing a pin inches long through the chest into the heart has been proposed," said the doctor. "There would be a tiny flag attached to the protruding end of the pin and any pulsation of the heart would make the flag wave. But there might be draft in the room and the flag would move and everyone would think the person was not dead."

"Injections of ether have been suggested. Ether runs out again as soon as the hypodermic needle is withdrawn from a corpse and only remains in the body of a living person. "One of the surest signs of death is the greenish spot which appears on the abdomen of a corpse at the end of 24 hours, due to the beginning of decomposition; also rigor mortis, but that might be confounded with cataplexy."

In many cases in Europe the funeral of a person is held within 24 hours of death, as it is extremely rare that corpses are embalmed. Even Poch and Clemenceau were not embalmed, and there are only two undertakers in Paris who do embalming, and they do it exclusively for Americans who die here.

Trust Fund Left to Tree

May Grow to \$750,000

New London, Minn.—Before death, Myrica Cerefera Dwyer, now sixteen years old, will be worth more than three-quarters of a million dollars because of a trust fund of \$100 established here. Compound interest is the answer.

Myrica, who lives in a public park here, owns the passbook in which the \$100 deposited by a godfather, James A. G. Dwyer, of Kent, Ohio, will grow to \$750,000 before Myrica's normal expectation of 200 years of life have been reached.

Myrica Cerefera was known to the pilgrims on the Atlantic coast as the bayberry tree and candles were made from its berries. These wax-like berries also were used as a medicine to cure dysentery.

Pays \$125 in Taxes, But

Forgets to Give His Name

Grand Island, Neb.—County Treasurer Hugo Meves is in receipt of \$125 in currency, to be applied to some one's back taxes—but the writer of the note that came with the money forgot to sign his name. The money came in an envelope bearing a Grand Island postmark. Since then the treasurer has conducted a long search for the sender, but is still holding the money.

Term Nearly Ended,

Convict Strolls Off

Walla Walla, Efforts of Washington state prison authorities to capture Pat Murphy, who walked away, have failed. Murphy, working on construction of new trusty buildings, was from King county on one to three years for grand larceny.

He had only four months to serve of the minimum term. His escape will mean an extended sentence if he is recaptured.

NORTH LOVELL

Mr. M. A. M. spent the week end at home here.

George Mills, Rex Rolfe and Wallace Andrews have returned from Aroostook where they have had employment in the potato fields.

Mr. M. A. M. returned for Lee, Me., and Mrs. Harrie M. M. returned for Lee, Me., over the week end.

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GREENWOOD CITY

Mr. Robert Morgan, Ber...

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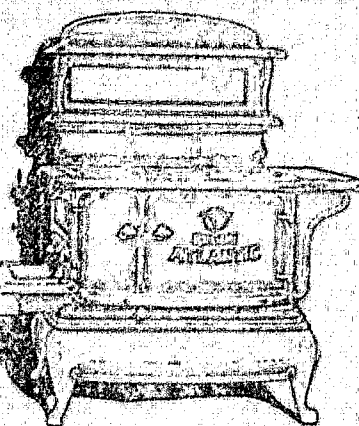
Mr. Robert Morgan, Ber...

Mr. Robert Morgan, Ber...

Mr. Robert Morgan, Ber...

Mr. Robert Morgan, Ber...

If you want pictures in your advertising, we have them



Atlantic Ranges

A Maine Product

NEW ENGLAND'S leading family range for over 50 years.

All styles in beautiful new shades of durable enamel—buff, blue, forest green, mottled, light grey or gloss black, to suit your taste. Hundreds of styles for coal and wood—also combined with gas if desired. City gas or "Bartlett" gas. Engines and burners and make a work of a kitchen with a modern Atlantic, fully guaranteed by authorized dealers and by the manufacturer.

THE PORTLAND STOVE FOUNDRY, Portland, Maine

If you don't want to buy you, fill in coupon and mail directly to:

PORTLAND STOVE FOUNDRY CO.
Foot of Chestnut Street
Portland, Maine
Mail Atlantic Range Catalog to:
Name _____
Street _____

For Sale by
J. P. BUTTS
Bethel, Maine

FOREWARNED

IS FOREARMED

It is better to have your money in a safe place where you can use it as wanted than it is to risk losing it from the house or pocket.

\$50 Starts a checking account in

THE BETHEL NATIONAL BANK

We have several repossessed 2-Ton Graham Brothers Trucks for sale or would take a job hauling pulp wood near South Paris.

O. K. Clifford Co.

South Paris, Maine.

Make This Store Your Headquarters for Aladdin

Aladdin Lamps in All Styles—TABLE, BRACKET, HANGING, FLOOR

COME in and see these wonderful new Aladdin kerosene mantle lamps, that will light up your home with the highest quality of modern white light. They burn 50 hours on a single gallon and give a light ten times the strength of the old style lamp. Lights instantly with a match—no generating or generator. Simple and safe—no odor, no smoke, no noise, no trouble. Over 7,000,000 satisfied users.

The Aladdin will brighten and beautify any home. Finished in highly polished nickel or statuary bronze. May be equipped with plain and decorated glass shades or parchment shades of striking designs in multicolor. There is nothing you can buy for your home, that will give you its equal in service and satisfaction.

This store is the authorized franchise dealer for Aladdin Lamps and has a full line of supply parts for all models at all times.

J. B. ROBERTS, Hanover, Me.

THE OXFORD COUNTY CITIZEN
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY
AT BETHEL, MAINE
CARL L. BROWN, Publisher
Entered as second class matter, May 7, 1928, at the post office at Bethel, Maine.

Cards of Thanks, 75c. Resolutions of Respect, \$1.00. Reading notices in town items, 10c per line.
All matter sent in for publication in the Citizen must be signed, although the name of the contributor need not appear in print.

Single copies of the Citizen are on sale at the Citizen office and also by W. E. Bosserman, Bethel; Stanley and Donald Brown, Bethel; Lawrence Perry, West Bethel; Richard Husky, Leake Mills; Gordon Chase, Bryant Road; John King, Hanover.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1930

Typhoid fever has become a rural disease because the cities took after the nature of their residents by supplying pure drinking water, supervising the people who handle foods and taking care that dairies supply safe milk. Last year about three times as many Missourians died of typhoid fever in communities with a population of 200 or less as succumbed to the disease in cities of a population of 75,000 or over, says the Missouri Public Health News. In this age of rapid and easy transportation, when intestinal infections have been carried to the most isolated little communities, where they thrive because of unsanitary conditions, typhoid immunization is as necessary to a successful back-to-nature vacation as old clothes.

Memorial statues to the famous dead usually are pretty dreary. Great chunks of stone or marble, bearing some resemblance to the man honored, are set up with much oratory. Soon thereafter they are forgotten; they become dingy in the rain and dirt of cities. And so it is a relief to note the plan of the American Tree association, which sponsors a scheme to plant 10,000,000 trees in honor of George Washington. The trees are to mark the two hundredth anniversary of the Father's birth, February 22, 1932. Nothing could be finer, says the San Francisco News. The trees, in later years, will form a living tribute to the man in whose ever green memory they are planted.

"Collective bargaining" is a labor union term and refers to a method of determining wages, hours, and working conditions by direct negotiations between the representatives of one or more labor unions on the one hand and one or more employers on the other. Instead of letting individuals, as in the case of individual bargaining, the employees act as a group in presenting their demands and their representatives hold conference with the representatives of the employers in order to adjust matters of dispute. The individual employee subordinates himself to the common interest of his fellows and in return receives benefits which he could not obtain alone.

No reliable statistics are available to show how many fathers are gluttonous figures to their sons, but Colonel Lindbergh's chance of being a hero to his first born seems rather slight. . . . When, 20 years or so hence, young Junior Lindbergh makes the 12-hour trip from New York to Paris in the regular morning plane, his old man's 1927 hop will probably seem as quaint and laughable as we of today find the old photographs of our parents in their early automobiles.

Philatelists are puzzled over a strange coin, just discovered, which is absolutely smooth on both sides, without mark of any kind. The Arkansas Gazette pithily remarks, "They cannot make heads or tails of it." Only one thing is definitely known—if it got that way by wear, it is not ancient Scottish; they are not passed around fast enough in the Land of Cakes.

Pictures of the interior of R 100, the British dirigible, suggest that the day of de luxe air travel is at hand. Until the prices of transportation are considerably less than de luxe, however, there is little danger of overcrowding the air lanes.

A seven-year-old Ontario boy wanders seven days in the woods, living on berries and sleeping under rocks, and is found unharmed save for a few scratches. There surely must be good fairies.

The population of the United States increased less than 15 per cent in ten years. The population of its federal prisons increased nearly 50 per cent last year. Quo Vadis?

A hick town is a place where Americans conduct their business in safety without bliking aliens to let them alone.

When people clamor for a new religion, what they really want is a religion that isn't too religious.

Events in the Lives of Little Men



DE. O'BRIEN TO SPEAK AT ANNUAL MEETING COUNTY ASS'N CONG. CHURCHES AT RUMFORD POINT MONDAY

Rev. James P. O'Brien, President of Straight College since 1922, has developed this institution until it is second to none in the City of New Orleans. His wise, tactful methods; sympathetic, democratic leadership; consecrated, unselfishness and humor have won the loyalty and cooperation of students and teachers as well as the good will of the people of the city, who have great confidence in his judgment and business methods.

Born in Walton, Nova Scotia, he came to the United States in his teens; was graduated from Oberlin College in 1884 and from Drury Seminary in 1887. Postgraduate work was taken in his Alma Mater after holding short pastorates in Ohio. In 1891 he was called to Missouri as Superintendent of the State and District Secretary of the Congregational Sunday School and Education Society, where his enthusiasm and devotion won many friends for himself and his work.

In 1918 he was appointed Dean of the Talbot College Theological Seminary which position he undertook with vision and serious purpose. Indeed, so heartily devoted was he to the task of training pastors for Negro churches that it was with great reluctance that he finally accepted a second call to the Presidency of Straight College. With his usual enthusiasm he entered the new position and has accomplished more than was thought possible in so short a period. The college enrollment has increased, new courses have been added to the curriculum, the present plant has been greatly improved and the President and College stand high in the estimation of the city fathers, college constituencies, students and faculty as well as the large educational foundations.

SOUTH BETHEL

Ernest Mason was at West Sumner Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brooks, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Smith and two children were at Berlin Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mason and Alfred Mason attended the play, "The Eleventh Commandment," presented by the Bethel May Shogrey company at the Paris Monday evening.

Gerald Walker is working on the woods for Charles Mason.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brooks and Vera Mason were at South Paris one day last week.

Frank Cummings from Bryant Pond was in town on business Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mason, Agnes Walker and Alfred Mason were Sunday callers on Mrs. Frank Merrill and family at Bryant Pond.

Elmer Smith is making repairs on his house.

Friends in town of Mrs. Wesley Bean are pleased to hear that she returned home from the C. M. G. Hospital at Lewiston Sunday.

Several in town attended the picture at Bethel Saturday evening.

Henry and Lamont Brooks from Rowe Hill called on their brother, Frank Brooks, and family Saturday morning on their way to the World's Fair at North Waterford.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brooks and Vera and Alice Mason visited Mr. Brooks' sister, Mrs. Albert Felt, and family at South Waterford Sunday afternoon.

Farmers in town are busy digging their potatoes and harvesting their gardens.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Hartburne and little daughter Rita and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hartburne and Marie Vashaw motored to Grafton North Sunday.

George Carrier from Bethel visited his sister, Mrs. Mona Hartburne, recently.

What this country needs is a good five-cent tip.

Anyway, mother knows where to find her treasured boy or girl.

If a poet can't put fire into his verses, he should reverse the process.

SOUTH WATERFORD

Frank Burham of Belmont, Mass., and his sisters, Mrs. Hattie Knight and Miss Annie Burham of Falmouth were visitors at their aunt's, Mrs. Martha P. Perry's, this past week.

Mrs. M. Etta Watson, Mrs. Ella F. M. Roberts and Mrs. Ida E. Higgs attended the Fryeburg Fair on Wednesday, going with Dr. and Mrs. Harry Watson.

Leon York and Curtis Nichols have been painting the Kovenhoven and Howard cottages on Keoka Lake and building an ice house.

Miss Ethel Dana has returned from Portland to stop at the York farm for a time. She came on Saturday.

Mrs. Herman Holt helped serve dinner at the church at North Waterford during the World's Fair.

Bear Mountain Grange put on an exhibit at the World's Fair. Mrs. Maude L. Sanborn was at the head of the committee.

Mrs. Orrie E. Monroe and Miss Maude B. Atherton moved into the Smith house on Tuesday.

This past week the cottage, "The Birchies," was closed, and the York family moved back to the farm.

Mrs. Jennie A. Haynes went to Harrison on Tuesday, taking in Fryeburg Fair on Wednesday with her daughter and husband, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Tarbox.

Mr. and Mrs. Irving Bell were in Intervale to see their friends, Mr. and Mrs. Cromley who are stopping at the Pendexter Mansions this week.

Wednesday the Bear Mountain Community held a meeting at Mrs. Ida A. Holden's at 2 P. M. Eleven ladies were present. They sewed on aprons for a sale later. At the business meeting the ladies voted to continue conveying the Sunday School pupils to the sessions at the Flat.

Mrs. Leon Willard has been in Portland for a time on business.

W. W. Abbott is still suffering much pain in his arm and leg but his head feels some better.

Several from this section attended the meeting of Kioka Chapter O. E. S. on Friday evening. Mrs. Ida A. Holden served on the supper committee. Next Friday comes inspection.

Mrs. Myra Learned is in very poor health. She is suffering from a sore on her ankle.

Miss Jeanette Payson and Miss Huntington have recently returned from a delightful motor trip in Canada.

Mrs. Annie Fogg of Vineland, N. J., was in the F. L. Parker party of Cumberland Mills who called on Mrs. E. F. M. Roberts on Sunday, Sept. 29. Mrs. Fogg called on many of the old friends in the village.

Mrs. Minnie Sanborn is in poor health and is to return home with her son, C. R. Sanborn, soon.

Many went to the World's Fair on Saturday.

It was an ideal day for the fair. Mrs. A. A. Monroe, Mrs. Martha P. Perry and Ethel M. Monroe motored to Fryeburg on Sunday bicycling Mrs. Virginia F. Hagar home with them where she will visit the Monroes for a time.

Mrs. Carl Heath has been on the sick list recently from low blood pressure. She is on the gain now.

Mrs. A. A. Monroe and Ethel were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Irving Bell on Blackguard on Thursday.

Harry N. Haynes was in Portland on Friday. Mildred Haynes returned home with her father and attended the World's Fair on Saturday.

Mrs. Annie Stone, her nephew Phillip Stone, and Miss Wilkins of Norway were Sunday callers at W. W. Abbott's.

Bethel Grammar School, Grade V

The following received 100% in Arithmetic for the week ending Oct. 3: Floyd Bartlett, Barbara Bean, Vivian Berry, Jane Chapin, Helen Crouse, Robert Gordon, Edward Robertson, Geraldine Stanley, Christie Thurston, Mary Wheeler, and Frank Littlehale.

Those who received 100% in Spelling: Barbara Bean, Irene Blake, Jane Chapin, Joyce Chapman, Emerson Cough, Helen Crouse, Robert Gordon, Ethel Jodrey, Royden Keddy, Elizabeth Lyon, Dorothy Machin, Edna McMillin, and Christie Thurston.

Information
Small Boy—Did you see a little boy 'bout my size around the corner? Old Gentleman—Yes, I believe I did.
"Did he look angry?"
"I didn't notice."
"Did he look frightened?"
"I don't know. Why?"
"Why, I heard he was round there, and I don't know whether he wants to lick me, or whether he's hidin' from me."—Vancouver Province.

A motorist named Paul Revere has been fined in a court south of Boston for speeding. His excuse that the British were coming was proved to be unfounded.

The English woman who took the king's prize at Bisley away from 99 men, supposed to be the best shots in the British empire, won the whole shooting match.

Sleep o.k.

If Stomach is o.k.

Restless nights often result from indigestion. A teaspoon of the good old household remedy "L. F." Atwood's Medicine will usually relieve the distress, assuring sound refreshing sleep. Try it now and regain a vigorous, healthy condition. It promptly relieves stomach trouble, headache, constipation, colds, etc. 60 doses in 50c bottle. Sold everywhere.

"L. F." Atwood's Medicine

Fall and Winter Merchandise

Jersey Dresses — Jersey Bloomers
Silk and Wool Hose.

L. M. STEARNS

HERRICK BROS. CO.

SALES  SERVICE

New Cars -- Used Cars

13-Plate Rubber Case Battery
\$7.00 and old battery

HOT WATER HEATERS for A FORD
Fan Type \$27.50 Installed

GLYCERINE, ALCOHOL
Tire Chains, Windshield Wipers
EVERYTHING FOR WINTER DRIVING

LOWEST PRICES ON TIRES

CALL BETHEL 44-12

Fred S. Brown

Dry Goods - Garments - Thrift Basement

Now We Are Showing
Smart New Apparel and Dry Goods for Autumn

This season the styles are unusually good looking, although the prices are less. The new Fall Materials offer the woman who sews the chance to have the smart new things for herself or the children to wear, or new things for the home. The savings will be very substantial.

NEW SILK AND WOOL CHALLIES in trend effects—just what is being used for the smartest fall dresses. Four smart fall shades—wine, green, brown and blue, yard wide, only 95c.

Heavy Tweed Crepes in edition, but with a wool finish, especially good for children's dresses, priced only 39c.

PRINTED RAYONS in the flat crepe weaves, the popular fall colors, with small designs. They look much better—only 50c.

RAYON CANTON CREPE in plain colors—unusually good looking for dresses to wear anywhere, priced only 55c.

THE NEW PERCALES never showed better color combinations—and there are so many new color effects this season. Especially good values at 15c, 19c, 25c.

Your Needs in Printed Matter and Office Supplies Can Be Furnished Economically Here.

Samples of the work we have done will convince you that we can satisfy you.

School Paper

We are agents for Royal Typewriters, and have good used machines of different makes for sale and rent. Just see what we can offer.

Blotting Paper

We can furnish Salesbooks and forms of every description in manifold books. Let us quote you prices.

Typewriter Paper

If we cannot do your printing as it should be one, or offer us surpassed service in our other line—we will tell you.

Manifold Papers

See our samples of engraved invitations and announcements, cards, etc. Prompt delivery too.

Bond Papers

We can give you the benefit of the lowest possible prices on magazine and newspaper subscriptions—A copy of our latest price list will prove this.

The Oxford County Citizen

One Gra
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Dr. Tru

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rest assured t
be all right."
aults, Worcester
The "kiddies"
Elisir—grand
LAX
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Will quickly rel
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Family size \$1.20
Successfully use

Special

Bosse

Drug

Here is your ch
n drugs. Ever
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below are on
my bargains.

Milk of 1

16 oz

Rubbing

38

Cascara

100,

Glycerine S

25

Talkies for

25

Miner

25

Throat

25

Nasal

25

Rhinitis

100,

Glycerine and

3 oz.,

Antiseptic

50c

Hink

Cascara Com

100, 2

Analgesic

25c

Fl. Cascara

2 oz.,

Aspirin

100, 6

Perox

15c

Cough S

25c

Corax for

25c

Hand L

25c

FRE

Gold Pl

AUTO-STRO

with tub

Shaving Cr

McKesson's

Great Discovery in

FRE

with each t

McKesson's I. I

Cream—50c

Both for

SPECI

NEW GILLET

with eit

Colgate's Shav

Palmolive Shav

Colgate's Sh

YOUR CHOICE

Only 3

all Orders Prompt

Postage

One Grateful Mother's Tribute

"I would not be without the famous

Dr. True's Elixir

for it is a faithful friend all year round. At first signs of dull feeling, fatigue or restlessness I give my children a few doses and then rest assured that everything will be all right."—Mrs. Flora Desautels, Worcester, Mass.

The "kiddies" LIKE Dr. True's Elixir—grandmothers call it

LAXATIVE WORM EXPELLER

will quickly relieve every member of the family of constipation. Family size \$1.20; other sizes 60c & 40c. Successfully used for over 77 years.

Special Deals at Bosserman's Drug Store

Here is your chance to stock up on drugs. Every item for daily use is included. The specials listed below are only a few of our many bargains.

- Milk of Magnesia 16 oz., 39c
- Rubbing Alcohol 39c
- Cascara Tablets 100, 35c
- Glycerine Suppositories 25c
- Talkies for the Throat 25c
- Mineral Oil pint, 60c
- Throat Gargle 25c
- Nasal Jelly 25c
- Rhinitis Tablets 100, 35c
- Glycerine and Rose Water 3 oz., 25c
- Antiseptic Solution 59c
- Hinkle's Cascara Comp. Tablets 100, 25c
- Analgesic Balm 25c
- Fl. Cascara-Aromatic 2 oz., 25c
- Aspirin Tablets 100, 69c
- Peroxide 15c
- Cough Syrup 25c
- Corax for Colds 25c
- Hand Lotion 25c

FREE
Gold Plated
AUTO-STROP RAZOR
with tube of
Shaving Cream, 39c

McKesson's EXTOL
Best Discovery in Mouth Washes
FREE
with each tube of
McKesson's I. D. L. Dental Cream—50c Value
Both for 25c

SPECIAL
NEW GILLETTE RAZOR
with either
Colgate's Shaving Cream
Palmolive Shaving Cream
or Colgate's Shaving Stick
YOUR CHOICE OF EITHER
Only 35c

All Orders Promptly Filled and Postage Paid

High Rank in History for the "Nothing-Buts"

To call the roll of nothing-buts summons an august assembly. There was Socrates, charged with many things, and yet he replied, "I am not a teacher nor yet a poet nor yet a rhetorician or lawyer or pleader or pretender to any superior learning. I am 'nothing but' a seeker after truth."

And St. Paul said, "This one thing I do," and went on to tell how he devoted his entire energies and life to proclaiming a message that he considered worthy of all his efforts. A great man that Paul; he might have been a university professor in Tarsus, "no mean city," or might have risen to a place of influence as a Roman citizen, establishing contacts between the Roman government and the Jewish people so difficult to govern. In that case he would have been forgotten with most of the men of his generation. But he joined the nothing-buts and became immortal.

And so might the list be lengthened with the names of all the great specialists of the world—Galileo and Luther and Newton and Columbus and Washington and hosts of others. And these all would have acknowledged themselves nothing in entire great spheres of knowledge and endeavor but—and in that but lay the fruits of concentration, of idealism, of devotion and perseverance. A noble order are those "nothing-buts."—Detroit News.

No Real Significance in "Average" Figuring

Averages are funny things. Here comes the National Confectioners' association with statistics to show that the average American spends two cents a day for candy. "If he buys 12 pounds a year he is average," it is said.

The above-mentioned average person, if he likes candy, spends considerably more than two cents a day on it, and eats far more than a dozen pounds a year. The man who does not care for sweets will buy none at all.

So the "average," although interesting, means nothing at all. Perhaps the best thing such figures do is to permit those with curious minds to make comparisons.

It is always intriguing to be told that the number of doughnuts eaten in the United States every year, if piled on top of each other, would reach to the moon and back five times.

One is reasonably sure that this spectacular piling feat would be impossible from every standpoint, but it pleases the imagination to picture that multiple pile of doughnuts.

Thus the American reader is deluged, year after year, with highly fanciful comparisons, spiced with great distances and impossible feats. "No one is harmed, and perhaps the art of statistics is helped."—Washington Star.

Law in a Democracy

"For that is what a law is in a democracy—a statute that the people will back up; indeed, in the long run, that is all a law is anywhere. The laws of a nation or community are the recorded customs of the people . . . and all the historic codes, the Mosaic code, the laws of Solon and Lycurgus, the codes of Justinian and Napoleon, the civil law, the English common law, and the legendary taboos of the savage tribes are but customs that have existed so long that they have crystallized into law . . . It is not the law that makes the custom, but the custom that makes the law, and when statutes run counter to custom they are impotent."—Brand Whitlock's "The Law of the Land," in the Atlantic Monthly.

Boys Will Be Boys

There came an angry rap on the kitchen door, and Mrs. Brown opened it to admit her neighbor, who was in a state of great indignation. "It's that mischievous boy of yours," cried the enraged woman, holding up a brick for the other's inspection. "He's been and thrown this through my window."

A delighted look came over Mrs. Brown's face. "Really? How interesting!" she remarked. "I wonder if you will let me have the brick? We're keeping all the little mementoes of his youthful pranks—they'll be so interesting when he grows up."

Jumping to It

Two schoolboys were discussing athletics. "How high can you jump?" asked one.

"Just over four feet," explained the other. "What can you do?" "Five feet," his friend replied. "How about the long jump?" "Just about ten feet," said the first. "What can you do?" "Eleven easily," was the reply. "What's your time for the half-mile?" "By now the other was a little suspicious. "Five seconds better than yours," he said.

Curly Maple, Perhaps

Jimmy had a head covered with yellow curls. His mother fondly and frequently called him: "You little curly head!" The name linked itself in his brain with the emotion of affection. One morning he climbed on his father's lap and hugged him tightly and said: "You little curly head!" His father was entirely bald.

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW

QUESTIONS

1. Who wrote "The Merchant of Venice"?
2. How many stars in the national United States flag?
3. What president of the United States was impeached?
4. How were the Ten Commandments given to the Israelites?
5. Who was the oldest signer of the Declaration of Independence?
6. What is the abbreviation for Pennsylvania?
7. How many tastes are there?
8. Where is the world's tallest structure?
9. Are camels hair brushes made from camels' hair?
10. Who discovered the Pacific ocean?
11. What is the capital of Georgia?
12. How many books in the Old Testament of the Bible?

ANSWERS

1. Longfellow.
2. W. S. Porter.
3. No.
4. In Hawaii.
5. With sling shot and stone.
6. Only as a perpetual lease from Panama.
7. Alexander Campbell.
8. Seven red, six white.
9. Jefferson and Lincoln.
10. November.
11. Erie, Michigan, Huron, Ontario, Superior.
12. A great circle of countless multitudes of stars.

Middle Intervale, Bethel

B. W. Kimball has returned from Pittsfield, N. H., where he has had employment the last two months.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Bean from Belknap Falls, Vt., are visiting at B. W. Kimball's and other relatives here in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Tibbets were week end guests of Miss Grace Carter. Ernest Buck is pressing hay at Shelburne, N. H., this week.

Herbert Carter and Ernest Morrisette are picking apples at Newry for Mrs. John Carter.

Philip Carter and Roger Maynard were week end guests of Herbert Carter.

An old fashioned husking was held Saturday evening at the Osgood farm. After the husking a supper was served by Mrs. Osgood, consisting of baked beans, apple, pumpkin and squash pie, cake and coffee. After the supper games were played and a good time was voted by all who attended.

Lyman Winslow is building a bungalow on the spot where his home was destroyed by lightning last summer.

Ernest Buck had the misfortune of losing a horse last Friday morning.

The following received 100% in Arithmetic for the week ending Oct. 3: Raymond Buck, Mervin Buck, Jeanette Sanborn, Stanley Carter. 100% in Spelling: Harry Sanborn, Paul Carter, Dorothy Brown, George Brown, Hazel Winslow, Raymond Buck, Mervin Buck, Jeanette Sanborn.

Charter No. 7613

Reserve District No. 1
REPORT OF CONDITION OF THE BETHEL NATIONAL BANK,
of Bethel, in the State of Maine, at the close of business on Sept. 24, 1930

RESOURCES	
1. Loans and discounts,	\$147,104.80
2. Overdrafts,	117.50
3. United States Government securities owned,	27,460.00
4. Other bonds, stocks, and securities owned,	88,967.20
5. Furniture and fixtures,	1,100.00
6. Real estate owned other than banking house,	2,250.00
7. Reserve with Federal Reserve Bank,	16,436.42
8. Cash and due from banks,	61,501.62
9. Outside checks and other cash items,	294.22
10. Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer and due from U. S. Treasurer,	500.00
Total,	\$345,917.75

LIABILITIES

16. Capital stock paid in,	\$25,000.00
17. Surplus,	25,000.00
18. Undivided profits—net,	47,270.00
19. Circulating notes outstanding,	9,700.00
20. Due to banks, including certified and cashiers' checks outstanding,	7.50
21. Demand deposits,	238,917.75
Total,	\$345,917.75

STATE OF MAINE,
COUNTY OF OXFORD, SS.
I, ELLERY C. PARK, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

ELLERY C. PARK, Cashier
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 1st day of October, 1930.
A. E. HERRICK,
Notary Public.

Correct—Attest:
F. E. HANSCOM,
CLARENCE K. FOX,
ERNEST M. WALKER,
Directors.

Anticipate your printing needs

BETHEL AND VICINITY

Continued from Page One

Mrs. D. M. Forbes of Rumford spent a few days with her parents this week. Charles Freeman of Portland is spending two weeks at D. H. Spearin's. Ira Hickford visited his daughter, Mrs. Jesse Briggs, of South Paris last week.

Augustus Littlehale is having a piazza built on his house on Vernon Street.

Rev. Rix spent a few days with his family in Manchester, N. H., recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Young, who spent last week in Portland returned home Sunday.

W. P. Lynn, State Highway Supervisor, was a business visitor in town Tuesday.

Mrs. Herman Joy and son Clarence of Cherry Point are guests of Mrs. Gertrude Milliken.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Winslow have moved to Florida and have gone there for the winter.

Rev. L. A. Edwards is in Tilton, N. H., to officiate at the funeral of Mrs. L. H. Cilley this Thursday.

Mrs. Stella Goodridge of West Bethel was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Frank Robertson, Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Insler of Gorham, Maine, were calling on friends in town Friday of last week.

Dean Cunningham of Farmington and Elmer Bennett came from Bangor to Bethel by airplane Monday afternoon.

Miss Eva Armstrong of Portland is spending two weeks with the Misses Florence and Susie Twitchell, Mayville.

Miss Methyl Packard, who is in the Western Maine Sanitarium at Greenwood Mountain is much improved in health.

Mr. and Mrs. Everett Mitchell announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Fay Mitchell, to Delmore Swift.

Laurence Bartlett spent Sunday to Tuesday as the guest of his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Roger Slocum of Lewiston.

There will be a joint installation of Odd Fellows and Rebekahs Friday evening Oct. 10. An oyster stew supper will be served.

Mrs. F. L. Cotton returned to her home at North Paris Sunday after a week's visit with her children, A. H. Gibbs and Mrs. Walter Valentine.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Young entertained at dinner Monday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Howard Shaw and Mr. and Mrs. Earl Farnham of South Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Sawin attended the World's Fair at North Waterford and spent Saturday night and Sunday as the guests of her sister, Estella Bean, of Albany.

The Mothers' Club held their regular meeting with Mrs. S. S. Greenleaf of West

Monday afternoon with 12 adults and seven children present. The meeting was in charge of the Vice-President and was opened by singing "America the Beautiful," reading of Psalm 24 by Mrs. Flora Gibbs followed by the Lord's Prayer in unison. Roll call answered by sayings of children.

Business Program: Reading, "Map Program for Training Children," Love Sends a Little Gift of Roses.

Vocal duet, "Which Loved the Best?" Mrs. B. C. Dabell.

Reading, "Columbus," Mrs. Mabel Greenleaf.

Magazine article, "On Growing Up," read and discussed by the Club members.

Mrs. Mabel Bean and Mrs. Lattie Eastlett to the program committee for the next meeting.

MAINE FAIR DATES

Oct. 7-9—Shapleigh and Kaido Agric. Soc., Acton; F. E. Loug, Emery Mills.
Oct. 10—Turner Grange Fair, Turner Center; B. H. Shaw.
Oct. 14-16—Sagadahoc Agric. and Horti. Soc., Topsham; E. C. Fenton, Topsham.
Nov. 4-6—Androscoggin Poultry and Pet Stock Assn., Lewiston; H. G. Crowley, Crowley's Jet, Lewiston.
Nov. 11-13—South Berwick Poultry Assn., South Berwick; Ralph E. Fox, South Berwick.
Nov. 18-20—Maine State Poultry Assn., Portland; E. L. White, Bangor.
Dec. 2-4—Freeport Poultry Assn., Freeport; Luther C. Cushing, Freeport.
Dec. 9-12—Maine State Poultry Assn., Portland; C. T. Adams, 100 Ocean Ave.

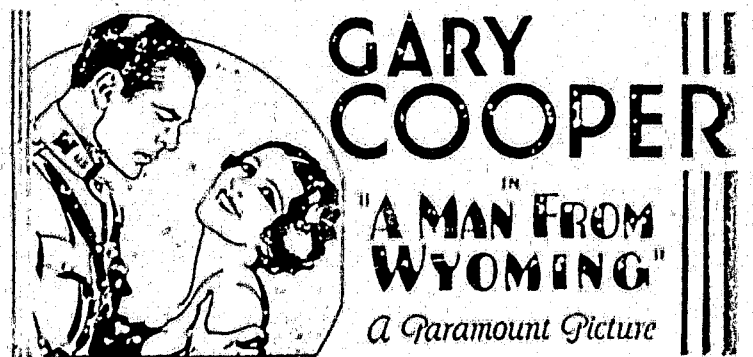
ODEON HALL

Friday Night, Oct. 10



A gay band of Broadwayites invade a South Sea Isle and out-hoola the natives. At least three great songs that the whole world will be whistling. More fun than a circus.

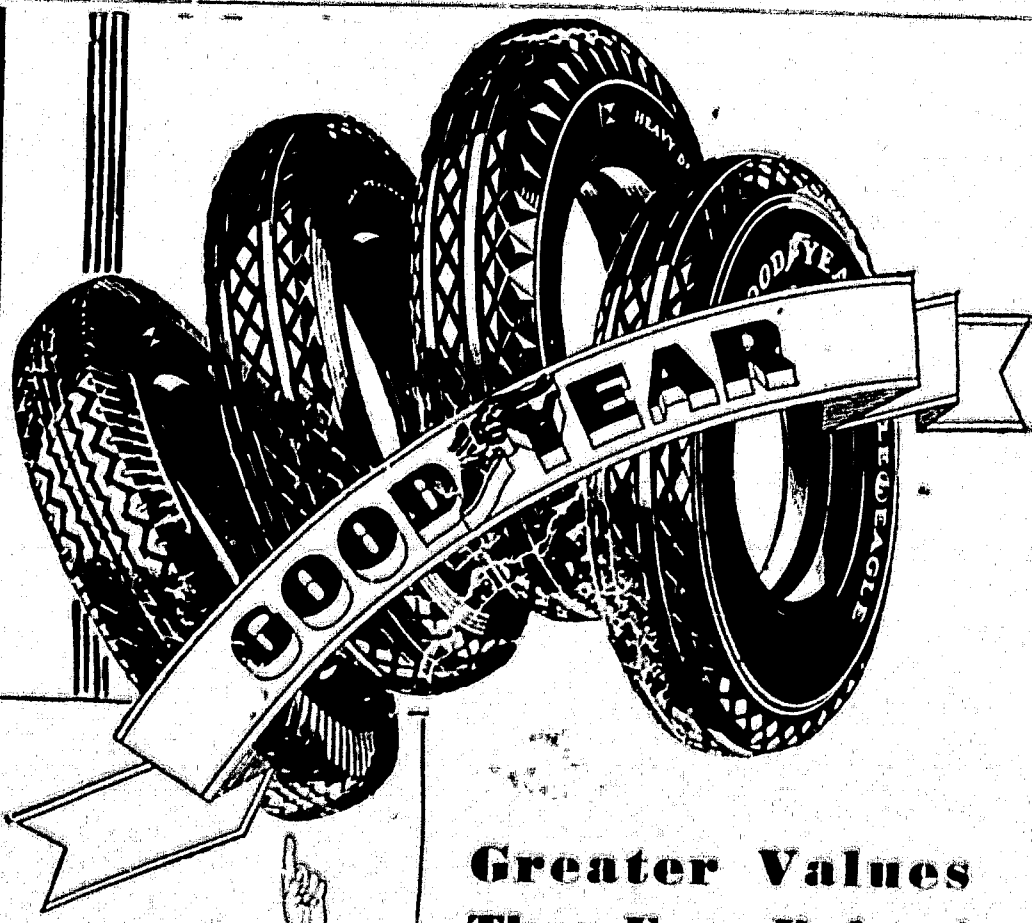
Saturday Night, Oct. 11



Dandy War Picture

Pict. res at 8 P. M.

Admission 20c and 35c



Greater Values Than Ever Before!

Rubber is cheap. Goodyear is building a larger share than ever of all tires sold—MILLIONS MORE than any other company.

Result: Still higher quality at history's lowest prices. Come in and see the new Heavy Duty Goodyear All-Weathers—super protection at ordinary 6-ply tire prices!

We clean, stretch your rims, shift over tires, carefully fit them, and watch your rubber the year around—a Service!

PHONE 103 FOR PROMPT SERVICE
Central Service Station

J. B. Chapman, Prop. Bethel, Maine
PUB. TAXI Guaranteed Tire Repairing—Estimates Free DAY AND NIGHT

OUR ANNUAL STORE WIDE FIVE DAY FALL SALE

Beginning Tuesday October 14TH - continuing five days through Saturday October 18TH

Offering thousands of dollars' worth of
new, fresh, desirable Fall merchandise

at the **LOWEST PRICES** in years

You're thinking of a new Fall coat and some dresses? You're planning to redecorate your home this Fall? You're inventorying your husband's shirts and mapping out the winter things the children need? By attending this store-wide sale they won't cost near as much as you expected. This is our invitation to join us in the greatest money saving event in years—and the most important merchandising event of the Fall and Winter season in Maine.

We've planned for months. Everything is ready. Five spacious and inviting floors—filled with new, bright, desirable Fall and Winter merchandise reflecting the styles of the moment for every member of the family—and for the home. All at sale prices that are the lowest in recent years for merchandise of substantial quality.

You must visit the store to realize the full scope of the sale. We've room on this page to quote but a few examples of the really remarkable savings it affords.

CHILDREN'S CHINCHILLA COATS AT \$3.65

Ages 2 to 8 years in splendid quality chinchilla coats in navy or tan. Smart double breasted styles for boys or girls. Made of warm, durable chinchilla and most exceptional coats for \$3.65.

CHILDREN'S COATS AT THESE FALL SALE PRICES

Regular \$5 to \$10 coats reduced \$1 in price
Regular \$11.75 to \$15 coats reduced \$2 in price
Regular \$16.50 to \$22 coats reduced \$3 in price
Regular \$25 to \$35 coats reduced \$4 in price

New Fall styles in chinchilla coats; fancy wool coats; Tallo Ho coats and Caneline coats. Ages 2 to 14 years. In a wide variety of Fall styles and colors.

CERTO SAFE SLUMBER SUITS SPECIAL AT \$5c

217 physicians testify to the health features of this garment. Made with feet and sleep suit. Ages 1 to 10 years.

GIRLS' \$1.98 WASH DRESSES SPECIAL AT \$1.65 EACH

Ages 2 to 14 years in new broadcloth and point dresses in smart colors or floral designs. Many touched with hand embroidery. \$2.98 wash dresses at \$2.47.

\$2.98 SWEATERS AT \$2.45 \$1.98 SKIRTS AT \$1.65

Sweaters in coat or slip-on styles in plain colors or fancy effects. Skirts on button or tuck in styles. Navy, red, green, brown, grey. Ages 4 to 14 years.

GIRLS' \$5 WOOL DRESSES SPECIAL AT \$4.35 EACH

Attractive new styles in jersey dresses, wool dresses, tweed dresses or challis dresses. In navy, tan or green. Ages 7 to 14 yrs.

New, smart coats and dresses

Practically our entire stocks, comprising hundreds of new coats and dresses in the styles of the moment—at sale prices that afford value of the most unusual kind.

Sizes 11 to 19 for junior misses; sizes 12 to 20 for misses; 36 to 46 for women; 14½ to 36½ for small women; 40½ to 56½ for larger women.

IN OUR DRESS DEPARTMENT

- all our \$15 dresses at \$12.50
- all our \$25 dresses at \$20.00
- all \$39.50 dresses at \$32.50

Satin dresses; canton crepe dresses; crepe de chine dresses; lightweight wools in wool crepe, jersey, tweed; wool pique. Daytime, sports, afternoon and evening dresses.

IN OUR INEXPENSIVE DRESS DEPARTMENT

- all our \$10 dresses at \$7.95
- all our \$6 dresses at \$4.95

Dresses that are unusual values in style, quality and workmanship even at their regular prices. Silk crepes, wool crepes, satins, tweeds, wools, prints, plain jerseys and fancy jerseys.

IN OUR COAT DEPARTMENT

- all our \$25 coats at \$20.00
- all our \$35 coats at \$28.50
- all our \$45 coats at \$38.50
- all our \$58 coats at \$48.50
- all our \$75 coats at \$65.00
- all our \$95 coats at \$85.00

Including dressy coats in new suede-like and broadcloth fabrics with luxurious collars and cuffs of quality furs. Travel coats in attractive tweeds, camels hair, polo and mixtures. In a complete range of new Fall colors and styles.

IN OUR FUR DEPARTMENT

- \$175 and \$195 fur coats, \$150
- our \$250 fur coats at \$200
- our \$350 fur coats at \$300

Included are Caracul, Great Cat, Mink, Beaver, American Broadtail, Natural Mink, Silver Mink, Bay Seal, Hare Seal, Hudson Seal, Leopard Cat according to price.

\$15 FALL KNITTED SUITS SPECIAL AT \$12.50

Our \$25 knitted suits at \$20.00. Of fine zephyr yarns in tweed effects or plain colors. Three piece styles with tuck in skirt and cardigan.

\$19.50 FUR TRIMMED LEA SPORT COATS, \$11.75

Made of soft, pliable leather with warm beaverette fur collar, 2 pockets and belt. Lined with warm plaid wool flannel. Misses' sizes. Brown.

\$1.95 CELANESE, RAYON OR SILK SLIPS AT \$1.65

In silhouette, princess or wrap around styles, some with flared or hem bottom. Finished with bound or embroidered scallops. In dark or pastel shades.

\$1.98 SILK PANTIES AND STEP-INS AT \$1.65

All silk crepe de chine panties or step-ins tailored and lace trimmed. In flesh, tea rose, peach, white or navy.

\$1 RAYON UNDERWEAR OR HAND MADE GOWNS, 85c

Our "Cottonette" rayon bloomers, panties or step-ins all reinforced and in light or dark shades. Also hand made Porto Rico or Philippine gowns with hand drawn work and embroidery. 79c rayon vests at 65c.

1000 MEN'S BROADCLOTH SHIRTS AT \$1.19

or three for \$3.50. Collar attached style in white, blue, tan or green. Neckband style in white. Made of fine count broadcloth and nicely tailored. Sizes 13 to 17.

2400 PRS MEN'S FANCY HOSE AT 50c PAIR

Regular 75c and \$1 values in fancy wool hose of a well known brand and also in men's fancy silk hose. A wide variety of Fall patterns. Sizes 10 to 12.

WOMEN'S \$1.75 SILK HOSE SPECIAL AT \$1.28 PAIR

Service weight to narrow life welt. Fall fashioned and clear in texture. Has curved French heels, reinforced sole and toe and extra black splicing. In Fall colors.

WOMEN'S \$1.35 SILK HOSE SPECIAL AT 95c PR

Medium light service weight, pure silk top to toe. Fine gauge and made with curved French heels and toe guards. In smart Fall shades.

CHILDREN'S 50c STOCKINGS SPECIAL AT 38c PAIR

Full length 50c wool hose, 7½ ribbed of splendid quality. Also boys' golf hose in fine worsted cotton in several color combinations. Sizes 8 to 11.

WOMEN'S NEW \$6.00 FALL SHOES AT \$4.85 PAIR

30 styles in Opera Pumps, strap pumps and ties. In black, brown, blue, green and two tones. Patent leather, kid or calf. 650 pairs special at \$4.85.

OUR REGULAR \$2.95 HAND BAGS SPECIAL \$1.85

You don't often find bags like these for \$1.85. Leather, tapestry, silk or velvet in back strap, flat purse, top handle and other styles in new Fall colors.

OUR REGULAR \$5.00 HAND BAGS SPECIAL \$3

A saving of \$2 on these exceptional hand bags in fine leathers or fabrics and in a splendid range of new Fall colors and styles. Our \$7.50 bags at \$5 each.

OUR REGULAR \$2 FALL JEWELRY SPECIAL AT \$1.00

Crystal and opal necklets and long chains; Crystal rondel triple strand chokers, real cameo pendants and chains. Crystal and pearl Omar necklaces, all at \$1 each.

\$1 VALUES IN IMPORTED JEWELRY, 3 for \$1

Imported novelty earrings, bracelets, necklets, chokers and pendants at 39c each or three for \$1. In a wide range of new styles and in Fall colors.

UNBLEACHED BEDSPREADS TO EMBROIDER, \$1.00

Also scarf and vanity set included in the set for \$1. In a most attractive basket design that's easy to complete. Materials for working the set \$1.00.

OUR \$1.00 CHAMOISETTE GLOVES AT 75c PAIR

Plain or fancy slip-ons or novelty cuff styles in doublets. Gloves with every particle of style you expect in a good glove. In a wide range of colors.

OUR \$2.95 KID, CAPE OR LAMBSKIN GLOVES \$2.48

Norfolk cuff or slip-on styles in washable cape and in fine kid or lamb. In new Fall colors. Also heavy fleece lined capeskin gloves for driving at \$2.48 pr.

OUR \$2 NEW LACE NECKWEAR AT \$1.48 EA

Our complete new line at \$1.48 including Sweet heart sets, V necks, Peter Pan sets, jabot ties or panels. Also our \$1 crepe or lace neckwear at 85c each.

\$2.95 CREPE BLOUSETTES AT \$2.48 EACH

Satin crepe de chine blousettes in white, eggshell, flesh or tan. Sizes 36 to 44. Also heavy crepe triangle scarfs in out out designs at \$2.48 ea.

\$1.95 ALL SILK WASHABLE FLAT CREPE AT \$1.55

A splendid quality all silk crepe that washes beautifully. In a full range of new light and dark shades for Fall frocks. 39 inches wide.

\$1.39 ALL SILK WASHABLE FLAT CREPE AT \$1.10

Washable flat crepe in a full range of new light and dark shades. A quality that has sold previously for much more. A 39 inch wide all silk crepe.

\$1.69 ALL SILK CANTON CREPE AT \$1.35 YARD

An outstanding silk for Fall frocks. In black and all the new Fall shades. 39 in. wide. \$1.95 canton crepe at \$1.65 yd.

CHENEY'S \$3.95 ALL SILK CHIFFON VELVET \$3.55 YD.

A velvet that has until recently sold for much more. In black and new shades. Cheney's \$4.95 transparent velvet \$4.35.

\$2.95 LIGHT WEIGHT DRESS TWEEDS AT \$2.53 YD

Smart dress tweeds in a splendid assortment of new colorings and mixtures. 54 inches wide. Our \$3.50 all wool dress tweeds, special at \$2.95 a yard.

\$1.95 ALL WOOL JERSEY SPECIAL AT \$1.65 YARD

Lightweight all wool jersey in a full range of new shades. 54 inches wide. \$1.95 dress flannels in new Fall shades at \$1.58 yd. 54 inches wide.

89c PRINTED RAYON CREPES AT 68c YARD

A splendid range of new Fall colorings in these smart printed rayon crepes. Also the 50c grade at 48c and the \$1.39 quality special at 98c yard.

Open stock dinnerware at savings of 1-5

We carry the most complete stocks of open stock dinnerware in Northern New England. And we have priced six of our most popular patterns at savings of 20% for the sale.

Fairfield pattern	\$53.12	reg \$66.40
Colonial Pink design	\$31.20	reg \$39.00
Olivia No. 249 pattern	\$36.92	reg \$46.15
Queen's Rose pattern	\$77.34	reg \$97.30
Sweet Briar pattern	\$55.32	reg \$69.15
Lombard pattern	\$47.04	reg \$58.80

Prices quoted are for 100 pieces. Fewer pieces at proportionate prices. All open stock.

—and hundreds of other exceptional values in kitchen furnishings; pewter and household needs.

FOR THE HOME

Exceptional values in new, distinctive furnishings for windows, walls and floors. The few items we've space to mention will give you an idea of the many opportunities the sale affords

9x12 ft seamless Wiltons, reg \$125 at \$105; reg \$100 at \$85; reg \$79 at \$68; reg \$69 at \$55
9x12 ft seamless Axminster, reg \$55 at \$49; reg \$47.50 at \$41.50; reg \$39 at \$34.
\$1 printed linoleums 95c sq yd; inlaid reg \$3 at \$2.48; reg \$2 at \$1.58; reg \$1.50 at \$1.28

\$2 net curtains at \$1.58; \$2.50 and \$3 curtains \$1.95; \$5 curtains \$3.95; \$7.50 curtains \$5.95
\$1.25 ruffled curtains 95c; \$3 curtains at \$1.95; \$1.95 ruffled curtains at \$1.35 pair.

\$1.95 rayon drapery damasks at \$1.38 a yard
\$3.95 to \$5 drapery damasks at \$2.95 a yard
29c to 39c cretonnes in new designs 25c yard
39c and 50c lustra cretonnes special at 29c
75c and 85c cretonnes and chintzes at 59c yd

\$3.50 plaid blankets, 66x90 in, \$2.95 pair
\$4.50 plaid blankets, 74x94 in, \$3.95 pair
\$7.50 plaid blankets, 70x80 in, \$5.95 pair
\$10 all wool plaid blankets at \$8.95 pair
\$2.95 fancy single blankets at \$2.50 each
\$5.95 all wool single blankets at \$4.95 each
\$9.75 all wool single blankets at \$7.95 each

\$1.50 rayon bedspreads, 80x105 in at \$2.50 ea
\$2.50 colored cotton spreads, special \$1.50 ea
\$5.00 jacquard cotton bedspreads at \$2.95 ea
\$10 damask and rayon bed spreads at \$7.95 ea

PORTEOUS MITCHELL & BRAUN CO.
Portland, Maine

The Handsome Man

by
MARGARET
TURNBULL

Illustrations by
JIMMY MYERS

Copyright © Margaret Turnbull,
W. N. H. Service.

CHAPTER I.—Returning to London, a successful business trip to South America, Sir George Sanderson takes dinner with his widowed stepmother, his nurse, "Aggie," and his sister, "Lily." He has not seen his father since he was a boy. There is little left of the old Sir George, but the new Sir George is a different man. He is a young man, a man of the future, a man of the world. He is a man of the world, a man of the world, a man of the world.

HAPPY II.—With his young sister, Lily, and his nurse, Aggie, he goes to the country. He is a young man, a man of the future, a man of the world. He is a man of the world, a man of the world, a man of the world.

HAPPY III.—The young man, Sir George, is a man of the world, a man of the world, a man of the world. He is a man of the world, a man of the world, a man of the world.

HAPPY IV.—The young man, Sir George, is a man of the world, a man of the world, a man of the world. He is a man of the world, a man of the world, a man of the world.

The young man, Sir George, is a man of the world, a man of the world, a man of the world. He is a man of the world, a man of the world, a man of the world.

What? Why should a rich kid have any suspicions? Have you been talking? I say too much," Jack snarled. "I'll be suspicious that I am after money. Even now there is trouble. I meet the father. Well, I go."

cause of that cursed English—

knows you?"

older man looked from one to the other of his companions without a word. Finally he came to Jack.

young friend, this thing we are doing is business and this payroll is big business. At the end there you either get nice little wads of money to invest in a swell night where you can tango and watch a flow in, or, if there should be a smash, there will be a nice bit of real estate, just six feet to some quiet cemetery—if it is a "ho humble."

He was utter silence about the matter for a second—then they all set again as Jack pushed his back and said with a cantle

make too much talk just now. But he can be confined to the house and out of our way if it is cleverly done."

He paused and looked warily at Jack. "You have one chance at Jack—no more. The girl is more important. She must not be made suspicious."

He reached for the lunch check and, without scanning it, threw down a bill, as the four good business men left the restaurant.

After luncheon Robert, in her car, came to the edge of the terrace and called to Sir George: "Ready?"

She could see how pleased Aunt Aggie looked at the thought of their going off together. "A handsome old Scotch dowdy!" She was doubtless, despite all her denials, building a castle in the air in which the beautiful Britisher carried off the rich American heiress. Well, Aunt Aggie had another guess coming.

Sir George seated himself beside her. "Are you driving?"

Robert permitted him the merest nod.

"Well, very cushy this," he declared and slumped down in the comfortable seat.

Without looking at him Robert sent the car flying.

Sir George stole a look at her and felt himself rewarded. She made a picture worth looking at again and again. He devotedly hoped she would let him look at her and keep her mouth shut, for it seemed to him that when her mouth opened he got more gold and worn-out than was rightly one man's share.

"We go straight along the river road until we come to the head in front of us. That's Green Bend, where the artists live," said Robert, after a silence.

They clattered over a bridge which arched a creek, ran up a short steep incline and out into a rather dangerously narrow space, around which were scattered houses, old and new. Then, the canal behind them, they took a highway, passing other houses. They were attractive—all of them—and Sir George would have enjoyed stopping and taking a leisurely look at them. But Robert was evidently not in the mood. Along the road they hastened, and found themselves on a wide village street that ran between the river and canal.

They approached the four corners. On one, opposite the post office, stood a large brick building which housed the bank. Robert drew up to the curb. "Here we are."

Sir George roused himself, but stepped out of the machine too late to help the active Robert, who was up the bank steps that led to the bank entrance before he could reach her.

She went into the bank without waiting for him. He followed along the line of the private room, where the bank manager had his desk. The manager, a pleasant-looking man, rose when Robert entered and greeted her cordially. Robert, after her quick "Good afternoon," indicated Sir George.

"This is Sir George Sanderson, Mr. Masten. He is acting as my father's private secretary, and father told me to introduce him to you, and to say that Sir George would be commissioned to transact most of father's banking business here."

Mr. Masten's eyes had opened wide at the mention of Sir George's title. "What—what was the name again?" he asked.

Robert did not smile, though Sir George was tempted to. She realized, though he did not, that this was an event in the village. Anyway that long Scot should not be made any more confident than he was.

"Sir George Sanderson," she said distinctly. "He will write it for you now, so that you may have it—for reference. I'll leave you to make each other's acquaintance, while I cash this check."

Evidently Mr. MacBeth's name was an "Open Sesame" in that town, and having assured Mr. Masten that he did not yet wish to open an account himself—for the very good reason, which Mr. Masten did not for a moment guess, that he had nothing to begin an account with—Sir George rejoined Robert MacBeth.

He found her outside the bank building, chatting with a very good-looking young man. He was formally introduced as Ted Granger, from up the river. He was a cordial youth, almost as tall as Sir George, but Robert allowed them very little time together.

"Come on, Ted, if you're coming. Don't let the grass grow under your feet. Pile in."

Ted contrived by some curious contrivance to introduce himself into the car which was built for two only. "We're set," he informed Robert, his mouth somewhere on the level of her red gold curls. "I see no use of waiting. Let's go."

They were off and Sir George felt a warm glow, both physical and mental, go through him. The physical came, he knew, from the fact that Ted's form and his were as those of the Starnes twins and occupied the space of one. The mental glow came from the fact that he was replete from a lovely drive with Robert and her suite.

As they approached a bend in the road, Robert slowed the car slightly to the right and stopped it in an open space before a low stone wall.

A gate in the wall led them into a flagged space at the end of a long old stone house. They walked into a long, low-ceilinged room—dining room and living room combined—with a fireplace at one end. At the fireplace end, a space much wider than the usual doorway, and without a door, led to the stairway and another and smaller room.

A tall, kindly looking man sat in the smaller room, talking to several of his fellow artists and some of the younger men. Scattered through the big room were neighbors to whom it was a daily, weekly and semi-weekly occasion to "go to tea at Turners'."

They were a mixed community of farmers, artists, writers, craftsmen, school masters and mistresses, and people like Robert, who had nothing to do and plenty of time and money. Sir George was relieved with the same simple and rather casual kindness as the others. Robert went about diligently introducing him until finally she left him with Mr. Turner and the older men in the smaller room, whose dark tiled floor reflected the flames in the fireplace.

Her duty nobly done, Robert went back to the window-seat where Ted and several others of the younger people were crowded together. Sir George leaned against the further mantel, his teacup in his hand. The light from the window touched his hair and face with a certain softness that made his fine features even more distinguished. He was visible from both rooms. Robert, gazing at him with surprise, saw this and also his very obvious effect on young and old. The girls would naturally bow down before him, she told herself scornfully. He was new and handsome. The men, Robert noted, were giving him what she called "a thorough once-over."

Annoyed by the fact that she could not detach herself or her thoughts from Sir George sufficiently to take an interest in the group about her, she remembered her father's suggestion. She left the younger group, and after a low-voiced request to Mrs. Turner, went to the telephone in the passage between the kitchen and the end of the living room. She called up the island and her aunt.

"Aunt Aggie, I'm here at the Turners' tea with your boy."

"Well, well, that's fine," said the old lady, who was sitting at the telephone in the passage between the kitchen and the end of the living room. She called up the island and her aunt.

"I thought if you could decide what evening we could best give a dance for Sir George, and a dinner to the Turners and some others, for you, I'd invite people now."

"I was not just prepared for this," said Lady Sanderson highly flattered. "It's Father's wish," Robert told her sweetly, hoping that Aunt Aggie wouldn't fuss.

"In that case we'll just say Friday night or Saturday, whichever suits the best."

"Saturday," said Robert. "If they have nothing else on here. Good-by. Good-by, and it's fine of you to think of it, Robert."

"Father's idea, entirely," reiterated Robert graciously. "I'm just carrying out his orders."

She made her way slowly about the two rooms and gave her invitation. This accomplished, Robert, feeling that she had profitably used her time, went toward Sir George. An impressive young lady had detached him from the little group in the small room, and as Robert looked at them she told herself scornfully that that was all he was good for—looking picturesque and doing the society trick to perfection.

She was surprised as she reached them, prepared to advise him that it was time to be on their way to the island, to hear him say:

"Sorry. I can't promise you. You see I'm Mr. MacBeth's secretary and my time is his from ten to four and sometimes later. Oh, undoubtedly I'll have Saturdays off to play golf some time."

"Undoubtedly," Robert echoed with a little bitterness, which she tried to disguise from his companion with a smile and a light pat on her arm. "Undoubtedly, Nell, he'll have no time at all for us, judging from the way he hangs about Father. I'll use my influence with Father, and we'll try him out at golf or tennis, whether he likes it or not."

"Oh, as to that," Sir George smiled at them in his friendliest manner. "I'm yours to do what you like with after business hours."

"Well," reluctantly ordered the unconvinced Nell, "telephone me on your first free afternoon."

He promised, but though his manner was perfect, Robert could detect no particular enthusiasm. Yet Nell, a visitor from Long Island, was the best he could hope for here, both as to money and looks. Robert admitted to herself, as he followed her out toward the car, that maybe he really did not think about his looks as much as she thought he did, but undoubtedly he did not think much of Nell's either.

"Believe in employer's liability, don't you?" said Robert scornfully. "Afraid to do anything that will hurt your standing with the MacBeths?" She gazed at him as he climbed into the car.

He leaned over and kissed the girl. "You will get punished every time you say a thing like that, you tedious little cat," he murmured to the astonished girl.

Robert's answer was to send the car flying around a dangerous curve at sixty miles an hour, with Sir George clutching at his hat.

The next morning found them in her car again, making their way across the country, Robert driving and her companion leaning lazily back, surveying the road before them. They had not spoken directly to each other, since their return yesterday.

Sir George surveyed the curve of the road, the trees, the fields, the sky, the discovery that the rose color was natural and did not come off. His impudent kiss of last night had finally assured him of this. As to her, he meant to find that out later, if Robert made it possible.

A tall, kindly looking man sat in the smaller room, talking to several of his fellow artists and some of the younger men. Scattered through the big room were neighbors to whom it was a daily, weekly and semi-weekly occasion to "go to tea at Turners'."

They were a mixed community of farmers, artists, writers, craftsmen, school masters and mistresses, and people like Robert, who had nothing to do and plenty of time and money. Sir George was relieved with the same simple and rather casual kindness as the others. Robert went about diligently introducing him until finally she left him with Mr. Turner and the older men in the smaller room, whose dark tiled floor reflected the flames in the fireplace.

Her duty nobly done, Robert went back to the window-seat where Ted and several others of the younger people were crowded together. Sir George leaned against the further mantel, his teacup in his hand. The light from the window touched his hair and face with a certain softness that made his fine features even more distinguished. He was visible from both rooms. Robert, gazing at him with surprise, saw this and also his very obvious effect on young and old. The girls would naturally bow down before him, she told herself scornfully. He was new and handsome. The men, Robert noted, were giving him what she called "a thorough once-over."

Annoyed by the fact that she could not detach herself or her thoughts from Sir George sufficiently to take an interest in the group about her, she remembered her father's suggestion. She left the younger group, and after a low-voiced request to Mrs. Turner, went to the telephone in the passage between the kitchen and the end of the living room. She called up the island and her aunt.

"Aunt Aggie, I'm here at the Turners' tea with your boy."

"Well, well, that's fine," said the old lady, who was sitting at the telephone in the passage between the kitchen and the end of the living room. She called up the island and her aunt.

"I thought if you could decide what evening we could best give a dance for Sir George, and a dinner to the Turners and some others, for you, I'd invite people now."

"I was not just prepared for this," said Lady Sanderson highly flattered. "It's Father's wish," Robert told her sweetly, hoping that Aunt Aggie wouldn't fuss.

"In that case we'll just say Friday night or Saturday, whichever suits the best."

"Saturday," said Robert. "If they have nothing else on here. Good-by. Good-by, and it's fine of you to think of it, Robert."

"Father's idea, entirely," reiterated Robert graciously. "I'm just carrying out his orders."

She made her way slowly about the two rooms and gave her invitation. This accomplished, Robert, feeling that she had profitably used her time, went toward Sir George. An impressive young lady had detached him from the little group in the small room, and as Robert looked at them she told herself scornfully that that was all he was good for—looking picturesque and doing the society trick to perfection.

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CHAPTER VI

Sir George was looking at Robert hard, despite the lovely scenery they were passing through. Confound it! The girl hadn't spoken to him yet, but he would not apologize. It would do no good anyway. The little spitfire would only use it against him.

He wondered what she was thinking and would have been surprised if he had known that Robert did not think when she was with him. Her intellectual faculties, as yet undeveloped, were rendered completely inoperative by his mere physical presence. Robert resented this fact, but as yet had been unable to alter it. Let this man come into sight and she was unable to think about him, or anything else. All her faculties were absorbed in the process of feeling. The fact that she was a normal product of her time, and in no way resembling the blushing and giggling girl of the pre-war generation, unused to and too conscious of men, did not save her. However she sought to disguise it by blunt speech and equally blunt manner, Robert was quite conscious of Sir George and dreaded lest he, and others, might guess it.

Sir George lounged back and stared at the road ahead of him, until finally the girl spoke. "Straight ahead and you're in this point in the road. Memorize it because you turn here to your left. I won't be with you next time."

He settled down and prepared to memorize the road. They were traveling inland now, toward a large town or a small city. He could not quite tell which it was. On its outskirts Robert MacBeth was constructing a tremendous viaduct, which would bring two states and two great railways together.

Presently they came within sight of the construction camp. Great sheds, which sheltered the supplies, built houses and tents which housed some of the workers, and everywhere sounds of activity, and of building. The picture was as old as the pyramids of Egypt and as fascinating as it was then. By and by, as the road grew narrower, Sir George caught sight of the construction engineer's shack and begged Robert to see him down. He would see the rest of the way on foot, while Robert turned her car and waited for him or drove a short distance away, and came back.

He left her reluctantly. Sir George had always found some girl willing to listen to him. It was a new sensation, and one he did not like, to have a scornful profile, no matter how pretty, continually turned toward him. He looked back at Robert and smiled. His smile met with no response. The girl had been thinking, with inward delight, that if he went to Ray Browne with that tiresome, supercilious British smile and accent he would promptly be set in his place.

"I shan't be overlong," he called merely to say something and break the awkward pause.

"Don't hurry," Robert's voice, coldly sweet, came to him. "I don't mind in the least being left alone. Fact, I rather like it."

Well, that was that. He had failed in trying to be agreeable to this girl. Absolutely finished!

He went toward the door of the shack and stood for a moment, his hand on the latch of the door, looking about him, drinking in the scene, with a certain feeling of homesickness. It suggested to him the activities of a war camp, and later still, the camp in Yucatan.

"Are you hanging on to that latch for moral or physical support? Won't those long legs support your heavy head?"

A rather short, sturdy young man was gently pushing the door from the other side and had called this to him through the crack.

"Oh, I am stupid of me!" Sir George exclaimed, stepping aside. "But the whole thing's so damned interesting I forgot myself. I'm looking for Mr. Raymond T. Browne, construction engineer. Will you kindly direct me?"

"Test your eyes on me," Browne begged him softly. "This is Raymond T. What can I do for you?"

"Mr. MacBeth sent me," Sir George explained carefully. "I'm his private secretary."

"What happened to old Morrison?" "Oh, still at the office," Sir George answered him. "Maybe I ought to have called myself Mr. MacBeth's home secretary. I'm the fellow at this end."

Browne took a good look at him and pulled him into the shack. "Come in and sit down. This is too good to be true. I heard there was one titled Scotch guy over here, but I never hoped to lay eyes on such."

He held out his hand. "Glad to see you here. Had a long distance call from the boss, saying that you would be up here today, so I'm all set."

"Yes," Sir George looked at him a trifle hazily. "I don't know what you mean. Would you mind going rather slowly with the great American slang. Mr. Browne, will you be so good as to explain it?"

Browne laughed. "In other words, I'm ready with the goods for the Old Man. I've got my reports for you to take down the river, but I'd like to explain a few things first."

"Take 'em slow!" Browne frowned a little. "What's the everlasting hurry? Somebody's got to explain this to the Old Man, and why not you?"

"Why not indeed? You will find me willing but Mr. MacBeth's daughter is outside and I wondered if she could be induced to wait so long. Miss MacBeth brought me up here."

"What?" Browne rose to his feet.

"Oh, you're up, and it doesn't seem to excite you any. Mean to say you aren't having the time of your life living under the same roof with that peach of a girl?"

Sir George shook his head. "She may be a peach to you, but in your slang she's a lemon to me—or is it she hands me a lemon?"

Browne was pushing him toward the doorway. "Let's tell Miss Bobbie how long it will take us, and see if she will wait. Gee, is it possible that after the 'Old Man's' sending for an imported article of large size and imposing presence like yourself, she still sticks to smaller but home-grown products? It is too good to be true!"

To be continued.

FARM BUREAU AUTO TOURS POPULAR

Farmers this year have combined business with pleasure by planning community auto tours in several communities. The object of such a tour is to visit the various demonstrations under way, such as alfalfa demonstrations, potato seed plots, woodlot improvement plots, forest tree plantings, dairy herd improvement members, range rotation demonstrations and other points of interest where certain improved practices can be shown.

A tour was made in South Paris on October 4 which included alfalfa plots belonging to L. N. Lovejoy, A. P. Starnes Jr., W. F. Nottage, W. G. Knightly and A. B. Talbot & Son. The plots of Starnes, Knightly, and Talbot have turned out especially good.

L. N. Lovejoy's poultry plant and dairy herd were visited and the orchards of W. F. Nottage and I. E. Andrews. Plans were also made to look over the two very good demonstration on woodlot improvement at J. M. Mitchell's and A. B. Talbot & Son. Tours have also been held in Hiram this year.

Other communities where tours will be held are Watford, Oct. 13, meeting at 1:30 at the McWain farm.

Denmark on Friday, Oct. 10, meeting at 1:30 P. M., and North Watford on Saturday, Oct. 11, meeting at 1:30. The Watford tour will start at the Watford Center Grange Hall.

LOCKE MILLS

George Cummings spent the week end with his sister, Mrs. W. I. Becker, and attended the World's Fair.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Swan and Charles Swan were in Lewiston Saturday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Stowell are visiting their daughter, Mrs. Lincoln Hodgkins, at Jefferson.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Bailey and Floyd were in Watford Sunday.

Mrs. Hermon Cummings and George Cummings took Mrs. John Meserve, Mrs. W. I. Becker, and Mrs. Inez Beam of Albany to Lewiston last Wednesday.

Silas Keniston was in Lewiston Tuesday afternoon.

Lester Tibbets is on a business trip to Chicago.

Hele Becker is taking her dinner with Mrs. Clarence Waterhouse.

Mrs. Hermon Cummings and Mrs. Lester Tibbets were in Norway Saturday afternoon.

Several from here attended the World's Fair at North Watford Saturday.

Watch this Space for Dates.

Eyes Examined, Glasses Furnished by E. L. GREENLEAF, Optometrist over Rowe's Store SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11

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